Untitled Song Book with notes on Fort Sill Artillery Hunt

Branch of Service : U.S. Army

Location: Fort Sill

Source: Getz Collection

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- · 58 pages

ARTILLERY HUNT

Following the hounds at Fort Sill was a popular sport almost from the establishment of the post in 1869. Wolves and coyotes were plentiful in the early days, and could be gotten up almost anywhere. Both before and after World War One a number of packs of hounds were organized, and coyote hunting was a lively sport in which both soldiers and civilians participated.

The Artillery Hunt was formally organized under the impetus of Colonel George M. Peek on August 1, 1926, following the presentation by Mr. E. W. Marland of Ponca City of 12 couples. A lover of both the horse and the hound, Colonel Peek served as the first Master of Foxhounds of the Hunt, 1925 - 1927. In 1927 the Hunt was recognized by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and Major Ira Wyche was elected Master. Colonel Peek again became Master upon his return to Fort Sill in 1929 and held this office until his departure in 1933.

The Hunt colors adopted and made official were red and black. The Hunt buttons, adopted and recorded with the National Button Society as part of the American Hunt buttons, were brass with the initials of the Artillery Hunt. Certain ladies of the garrison were specially privileged to wear the Hunt colors and buttons on the invitation of the Master of the Hunt.

The Artillery Hunt grew rapidly in popularity and soon became one of the leading sports at the Field Artillery School, with large fields present at all meets. The fixtures consisted of drags, coyote hunts, and some fox hunts.

The Artillery Hunt remains active today as a social and riding organization consisting of several hundred members. Among other events the Hunt conducts a Spring Horse Show and a Fall Gymkhana each year. It provides an opportunity

for the stabling of privately-owned horses at the post and for the teaching of equitation to members and their families. It has as one of its primary aims the retention of traditions of the U. S. Artillery.

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Gentlemen-Rankers Cive My Regards to Broadway Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip Good Night Ladies Gridiron Grenadiers Gridiron Grenadiers Gypsy Love Song Hard Me Down My Bottle of Corn Heidleberg Heidleberg Home on the Range Home Sweet Home Home Sweet Home Home Sweet Home	Ida Ida Rather Be a Soldier I Love You Truly I'll See You in My Dreams I'm An Old Cow-Hand I Saw Them In the Evening I've Been Working on the Railroad I've Got Rings on My Fingers I Want a Girl	Jeannine	Lord Geoffrey Amhurst

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Man Mar Med Med Mis Moo Moo My My	000000 44	7	

weet Adeline	40 50
avern in the Town	25
he Artillery	1.
The Gang That Sang Heart of My Hearth	. 52
The Man on the Flying Trapeze	26 22
ill We Meet Again	41
Upperary	23
Inder the Bamboo Tree	8.
Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield	39
When You Wore a Tulip	38 89.9 9.4
Yale Bull-Dog	36 43
Zamboango	34

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THE CAISSON SONG

,, ,,

Over hill, over dale, we have hit the dusty trail, And our Caissons go rolling along.

In and-out, hear them shout, "Counter march and And the caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS

Then it's Hi! Hi! Hee! in the Field Artillery, Shout out your numbers loud and strong. Where'er you go, you will always know That those caissons are rolling along.

Keep them rolling! And those caissons go rolling along. Through the storm, through the night, up to where doughboys fight,

All our caissons go rolling along.
Action front at a trot, volley fire with shell and sl
While those caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

Cavalry, boot to boot, we will join in the pursuit While those caissons go rolling along. At zero hour we'll be there, answering every call While our caissons go rolling along.

Should the foe penetrate, every gunner lies in wai And those caissons go rolling along.

Fire at will, lay'em low, never stop for any foe,

Chorus

While those caissons go rolling along. $\frac{Cal/l}{But \ if \ fate \ me \ should \ fait, \ and \ in \ action \ I \ should \ fate \ me \ should \ should \ should \ fate \ me \ should \ sho$

But if fate me should take, and in action is success. Keep those caissons a-rolling along.
Then in peace I'll abide, when I take my final ride.
On a caisson that's rolling along.

Bat-ter-y Halt!

THE ARTILLERY

The Artillery, the Artillery, with dirt behind thei Can lick their weight in wildcats, and drink their The Infantry, the Cavalry, and the lousy Enginee, Couldn't keep up with Artillery in a hundred thous

To the friends who have passed o'er the last long divide; 4 as it did in the day when we marched side by side Come, fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast, The first in the battle, the last from its post, We'll drink to the Red and the Blue. Old comrades so faithful and true, Their spirit is still marching on, As we followed the Red Guidon.

CHORUS

Then here's to cross cannon; they never will run, The clank of the collar and rumble of gun, To limber and rolling caisson, As we follow the Red Guidon.

We've joked and we've laughed 'round the campfire's red glare For the dear old Flag with its red, white, and blue, We've soldiered together, brave hearts ever true; We've marched, we've fought, and we've bled As we told old stories that drive away care, That floats in the breeze overhead, 'Neath the folds of the Red Guidon, From Cuba to distant Luzon;

Come toss off your tankards, we'll drink long and deep, "c'!! prove true in the future as they have in the past, To friends who now rest in their long peaceful sleep, CHORUS And we'll go to our God like a soldier at last, Who once wore the red and the blue Brave hearts ever gallant and true; Old comrades of gun and caisson; Fighting under the Red Guidon.

Then here's to cross cannon, they never will run; The clank of the collar and rumble of gun, Here's to limber and rolling caisson, Final Chorus Hurrah! for the Red Guidon!

Thru Navy's line, ev'ry time! Break away with all your might. Fight away! Oh, fight away! All you Army men in gray. Go charging down the field, a-smashing every play. No Vavy in the world, can stop the Army's FIGHT AWAY Fight! Fight! Fight!

ARMY BLUE

We've not much longer here we stay, for in a month c We'll bid farewell to "Kaydet Gray," And don the "Army Blue, "

CHORUS

Army Blue, Army Blue, Hurrah for the Army Blue, We'll bid farewell to "Kaydet Gray," And don the Army Blue.

With pipe and song we'll jog along, And all among our jovial throng, Till this short time is through, Have donned the Army Blue.

Here's hoping they'll be married soon, To the ladies who come up in June, We'll bid a fond adieu, And join, the Army too.

Here's to the man who wins the cup, And may he bring "our Godson" up To don the Army Blue. May he be kind and true,

CHORUS 'Twas the song we sang in our old plebe camp The song we sang on summer nights, When first our pay was new. That song of Army Blue.

O're camp and highland watched the stars And lonely voices joined full bold That watched our far homes too. In singing Army Blue.

Those summer days have long gone by Ch, long ago we doffed the gray And years have vanished too, And dorined the Army Blue CHORUS

And mellow strings and voices join But still I hear that olden song I feel the evening dew, Again in Army Blue,

CHORUS

THE MOUNTAIN BALLERY

Stand up! Stand up! Attention!

You red-legged mountaineers;

With your gun and your pack,

And your box of tack

Lion-coms and cannoneers.

Asprized in Mindanao, beside the Sulu Sea;

Mith a tow, row, row, from the Mountain Battery,
With a tow, and a tow, and a tow, row,

We slap our guns together, and beside them stand or fall. To right and left before us our shrapnel bursts we see;

From the Mountain Battery!

With a tow, and a tow, and a tow, row, row, From the Mountain Battery. With a tow, and a tow, and a tow, row, From the Mountain Battery.

The rather be a soldier with a mule and mountain gun; Than knight of old with spurs of gold,
Than Roman, Greek, or Flun.
For when there's trouble brewing,
They always send for me
To start the fun with a mountain gun
from the Mountain Battery.
To start the fun with a mountain gun
from the Mountain Battery.

Here's to pack and aparejo, to cradle gun and trail;
And that damned ole fool, the artillery mule,
Who ne're was known to fail.
Then fill your glasses fellows,
And drink this toast with me;
Here's a how, and a how, and a how, how
To the Mountain Battery.
Here's a how, how,
To the Mountain Battery.
To the Mountain Battery!

BELL BOTIOM IROUSERS

I was in service down in Drury Lane,
The master he was good to me, the mistress was the same,
And there I met a sailor, happy as could be,
And the was the author of all my misery.

BELL BOT LOM IROUSERS (contd) CHORUS

Singing, Bell Bottom Trousers, coats of Navy blue, Let him climb the rigging like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed. He asked me for a handkerchief to tie around his hea And I, foolish maiden, thinking it no harm, Jumped into the sailer's bed, to keep the sailor warr CHORUS

Early in the morning, before the break o' day, A five pound note he gave me, and with it he did say; "Take this, my darling, for damage I have done Maybe you'll have a daughter and maybe you'll have And if you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee And if you have a son, send the bastard out to sea."

So listen, my children, to my girlish plea, Never trust a sailor an inch above your knee, I trusted one once, and he put out to sea Leaving me a-sitting with a daughter on my knee.

STAND LO THE BAR

Stand Army to the bar, raise your glasses.high.
We'll never pay the bill, so Navy you must
Buy! Buy! Buy! Buy!

Down Gordon Gin, Army, down Rock and Rye. Stand Army to the bar and Drink the Navy, Drink the Navy dry!

SLUM'N'GRAVY

Sons of slum and gravy, will you let the Navy Take from us the victory? Hell no! Hear a Warrlor's chorus, sweep that line before us,

Carry on to victory!

Onward! Onward! Charge against the foe; Forward! Forward! The Army banners go. Sons of Mars and Thunder, rip that line asumder,

Carry on to victory!



I SAW THEM

itell you where they are, I'll tell you where they are, and you want to know where the Privates are

you want to know where the Privates are e, till tell you where they are, "! te!! you where they are, o to their necks in mud. caw them, I saw them, up to their necks in mud; saw thern up to their necks in mud,

you want to know where the Corporals are, !! [e]] you where they are, etc--ixing the old barbed wire. saw them, I saw them, fixing the old barbed wire; saw them fixing the old barbed wire,

you want to know where the Sergeants are, Il tell you where they are, etc--irinking the Privates rum,

alw them, etc----

you want to know where the Officers are, Il tell you where they are, etc ---lown in the deep dug-out.

auw them, etc. ----

you want to know where the Generals are, "Il tell you where they are, etc. --ack in gay Paree.

auw them, etc. ----

THE GRIDIRON GRENADIERS Terre the boys who make the noise, He're the heroes of the Gridiron We would rather fight than eat, delive licked this gang before. le have hever known defeat, yes right! Watch us fight! rmy's goin' to score,

THE GRIDIRON GRENADIERS (contd) ()

Gren-a-diera----

Navy'll never want to play us an-y mo-or-ore, Gren-a-diers---. Ya-ha-ha-ha! Ya-ha-ha-ha-l We're the Heroes of the Gridiron Roll that score! Way up! Roll that score! Way up!

BLESS 'EM ALL

They say there's a troopship just leaving Bombay, There's many an air-man just finishing his time, You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean, So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em all! Heavily laden with time expired men, CHORUS There's'many a twirp signing on, Bound for the land they adore. Bound for Old Blighty shore,

Bless all the corp'rals and their blinkin' sons, You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean, Bless all the sergeants and double-U O Ones, 'Cos we're saying goodbye to them all So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em All! As back to their billets they crawl, The long and the short and the tall; Bless 'em All! Bless 'em All!

They say, if you work hard you'll get better pay, You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean, Clean up your buttons and polish your boots," So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em All! There's many a rookie has taken it in Scrub out the barrack room floor Hook, line and sinker an' all; We've heard it all before;

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

There's a silver lining through the dark clouds shinin Though our boys are far away they dream of home; Turn the dark clouds inside out While our hearts are yearning, Keep the home fires burning, Till the boys come home.

OVER THERE

That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, lend the word, send the word, to beware, wer there, Over there, Send the word The drums rum-tumming ev'rywhere, and we won't come back till it's over, We'll be over, we're coming over, send the word, Over there, o prepare, say a prayer,

FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS

Over There.

Hal Hal we're bound away o'er the wild Missour' Ride, \mathcal{U}_{I} C For seven long years, I courted Nancy, For seven long years, I courted Nancy, she would not have me for her lover, III Ho! the rolling river,

Hal Hal we're bound away o'er the wild Missou! Ride, Eq. She would not have me for her lover, Hill Hol the rolling river,

Necause I was a Cavalry soldier,

hecause I was a Cavalry soldier, Ha! Ha! Hil Hol the rolling river,

We're bound away o'er the wild Missour' Ride 574

And then she went to Kansas City,

And Lien she went to Kansas City, the Hot the rolling river,

!!a! fla! we're bound away o'er the wild Missour! Ride, Sy

And so she took my fifteen dollars, !!!! !!o! the rolling river,

And so she took my fifteen dollars,

Hal Hal we're bound away o'er the wold Missour' Ride $\mathcal{Z}_{I/I}$

She must have had another lover,

!!! !!o! the rolling river,

he must have had another lover,

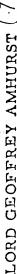
Hal Hal we'rebound away o'er the wild Missour' Ride, $\hbar m$

i-drinking rum and chawin' tobacco,

11 Hol the rolling river,

drinking rum and chawin' tobacco.

" Ha! we're bound away o'er the wild Missour' Ride. 17"



And for his Royal Majesty he fought with all his migh And he conquered all the enemies that came within hi Oh, Lord Geoffrey Amherst was; a soldier of the King To the Frenchmen and the Indians he didn't do a thing And he looked around for more when he was through, He was a soldier, loyal, brave, and true; CHORUS And he came from across the sea. In the wilds of this wild countree, In the wilds of this wild countreé,

Till the sun shall climb the heavens no more Twas a name known to fame in days of yore. Oh, Amherst, brave Amherst, May it ever be glorious,

Oh, Lord Geoffrey Amherst was the man who gave hi To our college upon the hill,

And the story of his loyalty and bravery and fame, Abides here among us still, Abides here among us still;

You may talk about your Johnnies and your Elis and But give us only Geoffrey, he's the noblest and the b For they are the names that time will never dim; To the end we will stand fast for him,

OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNIN For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the Bugler ca Some day they're going to find him dea, I'll amputate his Reveille, and step upon it heavily, Some day I'm going to murder the Bugler, You've got to get up, you've got to get up, How I hate to get up in the morning, And spend the rest of my life in bed You've got to get up in the morning, Oh, how I love to remain in bed.

THE DOUGHBOY'S LAMENI

The day when I can sit me down and pull that damned There's a long, long nail a-grinding Into the sole of my shoe; And it digs a little deeper every mile or two, But there's one sweet day a-coming, A day I'm dreaming about;

BENNY HAVENS

Come fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row to singing sentimentally we're going for to go.

I the Army there's sobriety, promotions very slow, a we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

CHORUS

Oh! Benny Havens, O! Oh! Benny Havens, Oh! We'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

To the ladies of our Army our cups shall ever flow, companions in our exile and our shield 'gainst every woe; they see their husbands ginerals with double pay also and join us in our choruses at Benny Havens, Oh!

To our kind old Alma Mater, our rockbound Highland home well cast back many a fond regret as o'er life's sea we roamy that! on our last battlefield the light of heaven shall glow, with never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, Oh! The Army be augmented, may promotion be less slow, has our Country in the hour of need be ready for the foe; thay we find a soldier's resting place beneath a soldier'sblow, with room enough beside our graves for Benny Havens, Oh!

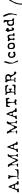
When you and I and Benny, and all the others too Are called before the "Final Board" our course in life to view May we never 'fess on any point, but straight be told to go and join the Army of the Blest at Benny Havens, Oh!

ROSES OF PICARDY

Roses are shining in Picardy In the hush of the silver dew, Roses are flow'ring in Picardy, But there's never a rose like you! And the roses will die with the summertime And our roads may be far apart But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy 'Els the Rose that I keep in my heart.

ALMA MATER

Hail, Alma Mater dear, to us be ever near, Help us thy motto bear through all the years. Let Duty be well performed, Honor be e'er untarned County be ever armed, West Point, by thee.



Guide us, thy sons, aright,
Teach us by day, by night
To Keep thine honor bright, for thee to fight.
When we depart from thee, "serving on land or sea,
May we still loyal be, West Point, to thee.

And when our work is done,
Our course on earth is run,
May it be said, "Well done, be thou at pease.
E'er may that line of gray increase from day to day
Live, serve, and die, we pray,
West Point, for thee.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul And a merry old soul was he. He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl And he called for his Privates three. "Beer, beer, beer," said the Privates
"One-two, one-two, one" said the Corporals
"Squads right, right by fours, "said the Sergeants
"We do all the work," said the Shavetails
"We want ten days leave, ""said the Captains
"Where are my boots, and spurs," said the Majors,
"What's my next command?" said the Colonels
"The Army's gone to hell" said the Generals.

Merry, Merry men are we, There's none so fair as can compare With the Field Artillery. HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE F
How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm
After they've seen Paree?

How ya gonna keep 'em away from Broadway;
Jazzin' aroun' and paintin' the town?

How you gonna keep 'em from harm?

That's a mystery;

They'll never want to see a rake or plow
And who the deuce can parley-vous a cow?

How you gonna keep 'em down on the iarm,
After they've seen Paree.

BOTANY BAY

on--There's Glas-gow and Berwick, and Penterville ir we're bound for a far foreign shore. here's Portsmouth and old Dartmoor, at they ain't of interest to none of us

un-roo-lie oo-roo-lie oo-roo-lay (Not forgetting)* inging Too-roo-lie oo-roo-lie oo-roo-lay (also)* oo-roo-lie oo-roo-lie-ay (Likewise)* CHORUS ".u-roo-lie ooo-roo-lie-Ay.

(*words to be spoken)

's not leaving old England we care about is the blooming monotony wears us out or sailing for shores far away, ad the prospect of Botany Bay.

h, the Captain and all the ship's officers, hows what us poor convicts go through, he first and second-class passengers, he Bosin'n and all the crew,

in, come all ye dukes and ye duchesses, or sure that ye owns all ye touchesses, or they !!! land you in Botany Bay, and harken and list to my lay,

traight into the arms of my lady love, th, had I the wings of a turtle dove, and there I would languish and die. way on my pinions I'd fly.

Mary Verse)

t's not the rolling and the pitching we care about, dor the toam on the crest of the waves; i's the foam in the neck of the bottle, hat's dragging us down to our graves

CHORUS

न्त्र महार ताच हात्ता कार्या कर्षा हुए सम्बद्धान्त्र महित्राम्याक्ष्म राज्य अत्र ive the flalls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, MARINE HYMN carse to aght for right and freedom or are aroud to claim the title of Said to keep our honor clean,

and the second of the second of

MARINE HYMN (contd)

We've fought in every clime and place In the snows of far off northern lands Our Flag's unfurled to every breeze You will always find us on the job, And the sunny tropic scenes Where we could take a gun, The United States Marines. From dawn to setting sun.

In many a strife we have fought for life They will find the streets well guarded Here's health to you and to our Corps, Ever gaze on Heaven's scenes, Which we are proud to serve; By United States Marines, And never lost our nerve, If the Army and the Navy

They are here in ghostly assemblage. While we wait for their passing tread, And our hearts are standing attention Where they of the Corps have trod--The Corps! Bare-headed salute it, That we of the Corps are treading The men of the Corps long dead, With eyes up thanking our God,

And the last man feels to his marrow Through the years of a century told, We follow close order, behind you, The long gray line of us stretches Where you have pointed the way; We, sons of today, salute you-The grip of your far-off hold. You, sons of an earlier day;

Grip hands -- though it be from the shadows, The Corps, and the Corps, and the Corps! Grip hands with us now, though we see not, Grip hands with us, strengthen our hearts, With the thrill that your presence imparts. A's the long line stiffens and Astraightens While we swear, as you did of yore, Or living or dying to honor,

THE ARMORED CRUISER SQUADRON and, away, with sword and drum are come full of rum, ooking for someone to put on the bum the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

he Washington and Tennessee he finest ships that sailed the sea, hey rounded the horn in time to be the Armored Cruiser Squadron. he scuttle butt popped at a hundred and three; at the ice machine we made our tea, he boiler walked off and jumped in the sea, the Armored Cruiser Squadron,

Thy, Oh, why, did Uncle Sam wild two ships not worth a damn? The Washington and the Birmingham the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

'e are the boys who shoot six inch r anything else when we're in a pinch ce, but the battleships are a cinch, or the Armored Cruiser Squadron,

exteen battleships all in a line, Guantanamo Bay look mighty fine, at one for a cruiser every time, the Armored Cruiser Squadron, Tre's to the cruiser days gone by, the a bottle of scotch and a jug of rye. The pe to meet again bye and bye the Armored Cruiser Squadron,

ie Officers are a bunch of drunks, icy stand their watches in their bunks, id keep their old clothes in their frunks, the Armored Cruiser Squadron,

he Admiral walks his quarterdeck, on he sees our ship he says "By heck, re comes that ancient rambling wreck, rom the Armored Cruiser Squadron,"



THE ARMORED CRUISER SQUADRON-(contd)

The Skipper's good forty rounds, In port he rides behind the hounds, But on the ship he can't be found In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our young "Exec" with anxious brow, Walks the deck and says as how, The Sleeveless Undershirts must go, In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our Navigator's full of tar, He shoots the truck light for a star And wonders where in the hell we are, In the Armored Cruiser Squadron. Our Gunnery Officer's full of pluck, He aims the guns and trusts to luck, He knows dam' well he'll pass the buck In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our Engineer's our standard joke, At thirteen knots along we poke, And fill the ocean full of smoke, In the Armored Cruiser Squadron,

Our First Luff is very gruff
When coming to anchor he chucks a bluff,
And hopes the Bo's'n will do his stuff
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

And when our ship has rung her knell, And dropped the hook at the gates of hell, The Skipper he'll say "Very Well!" In the Armored Cruiser Squadron,

THE RED-LEG ROOKIE'S LAMENT
There's a long, long trace a-winding
Around the hocks of my team,
And the martingale is twisted
'Round the off brake beam,
I've got the off horse saddled backwards,
I've got the crupper 'round his neck-It's all so damned peculiar
But we'll get there yet, by heck!

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

to the legion of the Lost Ones, to the cohorts of the damned, ings a gentleman of England, cleanly bred, machinely To by brethern in their sorrow overseas

crammed,

Yea, a trooper of the forces who has rum his own six horses, and the world was more than kin while he held the ready tin, and a trooper of the Empress, if you please. and faith he went the pace and went it blind,

at today the Sergeant's something less than kind

CHORUS

"c're poor Little Lambs who've lost our way, 'aa! Baa! Baa! We're little black sheep who've gone astray. Baa-aa-aa

God ha' mercy on such as we, Baa! Yah! Bah! Gentlemen-rankers out on a spree Samued from here to Eternity,

Lo dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental hops, and it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell; Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables, Sweet to empty kitchen slops,

Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be "Rider" to your troop. When you envy, Oh how keen!y, one poor Tommy being and thrash the cad who says you waltz too well and branded with a blasted worsted spur

Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you "Sir, " CHORUS

Across the snoring barrack-room return to break our sleep, If the home we never write to, and the oaths we never keep, When the drunken comrade mutters and the great guard-Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer? and all we know most distant and most dear,

lantern gutters, Every secret self-revealing, on the aching white-washed and the Horror of our fall is written plain,

ceiling, the you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain? CHORUS

We have done with Hope and Flonour, we are lost to Love

and the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth, We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung, God help us, for we knew the worst too young!

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS (contd)

Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brou the sentence.

Our pride it is to know no spur of pride, And the Curse of Reuben holds us, 'til an alien turf en And we die, and none can tell them where we died.

THE ARMY TEAM

We're always near with song and cheer I'he Army team's the pride and dream For the Black and Gray and Gold, And this is the tale we're told: The Army line you'll ever find And when the team is fighting Of every heart in gray, A terror in the fray;

The Army Team

CHORUS Rah Rah Boom!

On, brave old Army team, on to the fray; Fight on to victory,

For that's the fearless Army way.

THE ARMY'S COMING DOWN THE RIVER

The Army's coming down the river, the river, The Navy's goat begins to shiver and quiver The Army's got the goods today,

When the Army's mule begins to bray--HEEIHAW!

When the Army's mule begins to bray.

Light up the gay white way of New York, old New York For the Army's going to lick the Navy, Oh! Light the streets up all around, The NA-V-VY,

And we are going to paint the town--. YOU BET!

And we are going to paint the town.

MANDALAY

If the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea, there's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks of me, the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells

they gay; - 'Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!

Come you back to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay; Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play, An' the dawn comes up like thunder, outer China 'crost the Bayl

the petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green, An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat jes' the same as Theebaw's

An' I seed 'er first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot, An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an' 'eathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud--What they call the Great Gawd Budd, Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play, An' the dawn comes up like thunder, outer China 'crost the Bay!

When the mist was on the rice-fields, an' the sun was droppin'

Slow, she'd git her little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-lo-lo!"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin' my cheek, we uster watch the streamers an' the hathis pilin' teale,

Elephants a-pilin' teak, in the sludgy, squdgy creek, Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you wad 'arf afraid to speak. On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play, An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China crost the Bay!

But that's all shove be'ind me, long ago and fur away, An' there ain't no busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay; An' I'm learnin' ere in London what the ten-year soldier talls.

uff woulds thank the Rast a-ralling won won't never lead

MANDALAY (contd)

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else,
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees and the tinkly tem

On the road to Mandalay where the flyin' fishes play, An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost B I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin' ston Am' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in m

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousmaids outer Chelsea to the An' they talks alot o' lovin', but wot do they understand

Beefy face an' grubby 'and--Law! wot do they understand? I've a neater sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener lar On the road to Mandalay, Where the flyin' fishes play,

Where the flyin' fishes play, An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost. B Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is lik v Here there ain't no Ten Commandments, an' a man c

For the temple bells are callin' an' it's there that I we By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy out to sea:

raise a th:

On the road to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay, With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Ma On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play, An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost Bi

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, And smile, smile, while, When you've a lucifer to light your fag Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying!
It never was worth while, SO!
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, And smile, smile, smile.

o. M. c. oh, we don't have to march like the Infantry, stide like the Cavalry, shoot like Artillery, we don't have to fly over Germany, we are the Q. M. C.

We are the Q. M. C., we are the Q. M. C., We don't have to march like the Infantry, Ride like the Gavalry, shoot like Artillery, We don't have to fly over Germany, We are the Q. M. C.

ANCHOR'S AWEIGH

Sail Navy down the field, sails set to the sky, we'll never change our course, so Army you steer shy-y-y-y! toll up the score Navy, Anchor's aweigh, -- Sail Navy down the field and Sink the Army, Sink the Army Gray!

Mach under way, Navy,
Mach's cleared for the fray.
Mach'll hoist true Navy Blue,
Mach'll speed ahead Navy, Army heave to, -Woll Black and Gray and Gold and
Moist the Navy, Hoist the Navy Blue!

I'D RATHER BE A SOLDIER

Cooking up so soft and brown, And we'll have some watermelon When the season comes around, in the icebox there's a chicken, in the smokehouse there's a ham, but I'd rather be a soldier Than a poor, old working man!



THE FIELD ARTILLERY

When the Infantry's out in the trenches,
And the Cavalry's out on patrol,
When there's fighting in the Air
The Air Corps is there.
It's all very plain, don't you know.
But when the big battle starts over yonder,
It's all very clear to me,

JOHN PEEL

That the guts of the whole damned Army

Is the Field Artillery!

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay, D'ye ken John Peel, at the break of day, D'ye ken John Peel, when he's far away With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

CHORUS

For the sound of his horn brought'me from my bed And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led; Peel's view Halloa would awaken the dead Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too;
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True;
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

CHORUS

Then, here's to John Peel, from heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl; We'll follow John Peel, thro' fair and thro' foul, If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay, He lived at Troutbeck once on a day; Now he has gone, far, far, away, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

CHORUS

DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK

And here's to the line that we follow, and here's to the hound with his nose upon the ground, Here's to the fox in his earth below the rocks; Tho! merily we whoop and we holloa.

CHORUS

For he'll grow into a hound, so we'll pass the bottle round, then drunk, puppy, drink, and let eviry puppy drunk And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa, That's old enough to lap and to swallow;

Here's a health to ev'ry friend who can struggle to the end, Here's to the horse, and the rider too, of course; and here's to the "Tallyho" in front, boys. And here's to the rally of the Hunt, boys;

CHORUS

and the fence that gives a moment to the pack, too. and here's to the pace that puts life into the chase, Here's to the gap, and the timber that we rap; '!ere's to the white thorn, and black too;

Oh, the pack is staunch and true, now they run from scent I's see them drive and stoop till they finish with "Who's And it's worth the risk to life and limb and neck, boys;

CHORUS

Party minutes on the grass without a check, boys

CHORUS

THREE GOOD JOLLY POST-BOYS

Three good jolly Post-boys, sitting in a tavern, Three good jolly Post-boys, sitting in a tavern, Yes, they decided it, to have another flagon, Then they decided it, so they decided it,

For he who drinks pale ale and goes to bed quite sober, For he who drinks pale ale and goes to bed quite sober, Fades as the 1019 fades, and dies a next October, Endes as the Jily fades, fades as the Jily fades,

But he who drunks stout ale and goes to bed quite mellow Eur he who drinks stout ale and goes to bed quite mellow



THREE GOOD JOLLY POST-BOYS (contd)

So, Landlord, fill that flowing bowl full of brown Oct. Lives as he ought to live, and dies a hearty fellow. So, Landlord, fill that flowing bowl 'till it doth run c Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live

For tonight we'll merry, merry be, For tonight we'll merry, merry be, For tonight we'll merry, merry be, Tomorrow we'll be sober.

The choo choo train that takes me, Away from you n "Loot, toot, tootsie, goodbye! Toot, toot, tootsie, Ii you don't get a letter then you'll know I'm in jail, Kiss me, tootsie, and then, Do it over again, TOOL, LOOL, LOOLSIE! can tell how sad it makes me, Watch for the mail, I'll never fail Toot, toot, tootsie, goodbye!" Tut, tut, tootsie, don't cry,

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

Give my regards to old Broadway and say Tell all the gang at Forty-second Srreet That I will soon be there To mingle with the old time throng, Remember me to Herald Square, Give my regards to Broadway, Whisper of how I'm yearning That I'll be there e'er long.

Of love we'll whisper, so soft and low Come Out! in the silv'ry moonlight, Because Ilove ya, Ida, 'deed Ido. Seems tho' can't live without you Listen oh! Honey do--d0--Ida sweet as apple cider Sweeter than all I know Ida! I idolize ya

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

inkic and Johnny were lovers,
i. my God, how they could love;

ure to be true to each other, just as true as the stars

was her man but he done her wrong.

rankie was a good girl, most everybody knows, ent most a hundred dollars, just buyin' her Johnny clothes, was her man but he done her wrong.

rankie went down to the corner to get herself a can of beer;
cankie asked the bartender,
lave you seen my loving Johnny here?
c is my man but he's doin' me wrong."

the bartender said to Frankie, "I wouldn't tell you no lies shows was here 'bout an hour ago 'ith a girl named Nellie Bly. c was your man but he's done you wrong."

rankie went down to the corner,

i.i.s. time it wasn't for fun;

nderneath her dirty silk kimona

i.e. carried a forty-four gun

or to kill her man 'cause he'd done her wrong,

Lankie went up to the hop-joint, asked in the window so high, here she saw her lovin' Johnny akin' love to Nellie Bly.

rang the front doorbell, trang the front doorbell, trang the front doorbell, trang of here all you dog-gone fools. The blow you straight to hell! me wrong, my gonna get my man that's been doin' me wrong.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (CONTD)

Johnny ran down the staircase,

Shoutin', "Honey, for God's sake, don't shoot!"

Frankie answered never a word, but her gun went roctoot,

She got her man that was doin' her wrong.

Turn me over gently, roll me over slow;
The bullet that's right above my heart.
Is the one that hurts me so,
I was your man but I done you wrong.

A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There's a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine as merry as can be,
And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS

Fare-the-well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
But remember that the best of friends must part, mandieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, yes, adieu-I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my heart on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark, Each Friday night they used to spark used to spark And now my love once ever true to me Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

CHORU

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deer Lay tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet, And on my breast just carve a turtle dove, To signify I died for love.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

it in this wide world to weep and to mourn, e an old coat that is tattered and torn, ce I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,

trayed by a maid in her teens.

this maid that I loved she was handsome and swell, ! I tried all I knew, her to please,

! I never could do it one quarter as well the man on the flying trapeze!

CHORUS

!!!e (loats thro! the air with the greatest of ease. actions are graceful, all girls he does please daring young man on the flying trapeze, my love he has stolen away!

eyes would undress every maid in the house, blew him a kiss, and she hollered "Bravo!" d play with a miss, like a cat with a mouse, d smile from the bar on the people below, thaps, he is better described as a louse, ! one night he smiled on my love; tatill people came just the same. he hung from his nose up above!

corra were like hall-stones that rolled down my cheeks, ile she spent all her time with the circus's freaks, ept and I whimpered, I simpered for weeks, e, and Alak, and Alaska,

out to this fellow, this blackguard and said, "! see that you get your desserts."

thumb to his nose he put up with a sneer sneered once again and said, "Nertz.

led her with compliments, kisses and gin, at started her off on the road to roo-in, o night to his tent, he invited her in

mude the supreme sacrifice,

rustled her bustle, and then without shame? cv'n tho' I loved her I said, "Take my name ill, gladby forgive and forget!" : said "Maybe later, not yet!"

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE (CONTD Found there her father and mother alone, One night I as usual went to her home,

From two stories high, he had lowered her down Without any trousseau, she fled in the night I asked for my love and soon 'twa's known To the ground on his flying trapeze! To my horror, that she'd run awa With him with the greatest of ease,

He'd taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights, A bill in red letters which did my heart gall, And to my surprise I found there on a wall, He'd made her assume a masculine name, Some months after that I went into a hall That she was appearing with him. To help him to live at his ease;

And now she goes on the trapeze

Oh! She floats thro' the air, with the greatest of ease; Her actions are graceful, all girls she does please. CHORUS You'd think her a man on the flying trapeze! And that's what's become of my love!

MOONLIGHT BAY

I could hear the darkies singing, they seemed to say: As we sang love's old sweet song on Moonlight Bay. "You have stolen my heart, now don't go away," We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay,

BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

With your eyes of blue, dressed in gingham too, it was there I knew, that you loved me true; You were sixteen, my village queen, Down by the old mill stream, Down by the old mill stream. Where I first met you;

MEDLEY

e tots sang "Ring-A-Rosie," ondon Bridge is falling down." ys and girls together, and Mamie O'Rourke, the sidewalks of New York,

half crazy, all for the love of you!
won't be a stylish marriage,
an't afford a carriage,
it you'll look sweet upon the seat

ocet Rosie O'Grady, my dear little Rose, o's my steady lady, most everyone knows; ad when we are married, how happy we'll be; ove sweet Rosie O'Grady ad Rosie O'Grady love me.

e's my sweetheart, I'm her beau, e's my Annie, I'm her Joe, on we'll marry, never to part, ttle Annie Rooney is my sweetheart!

ter the ball is over, after the break of dawn, ter the dancers are leaving, after the stars are gone, any a heart is aching if you could read them all, any's the heart that is breaking, after the ball.

he Mow'ry, the Bow'ry, ey say such things, ey say such things and they do such things, the Mow'ry,



MEDLEY (CONTD)

Take me out to the ballgame, take me out to the park Buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks, I don't care if I ever get back; For I'll root, root, root, for the home team, If they don't win it's a shame, For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out At the old ballgame.

In the good old Summertime,
In the good old Summertime,
Strolling thro' the shady lanes,
With your baby mine;
You hold her hand, and she holds yours
And that's a very good sign,
That she's your Tootsie-Wootsie
In the good old Summertime.

E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay! E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!
E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay! I don't care what becomes of me, When you play me that sweet melody.
E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay!
My heart wants to holler "Hurray" - HURRAY!
Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
Home was never like this, E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."
I'm corning, I'm coming,

I'm corning, I'm coming,

For my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling,

ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR

and sons of the Prophet were brave men and bold, and quite unaccustomed to fear; and the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah, has Abdul Abulbul Amir,

you wanted a man to encourage the van, or harass the foe from the rear, form fort or redoubt, you had only to shout or Abdul Abulbul Amir.

here were heroes aplenty, and well know to fame, in the troops that were led by the Czar, and the best known of all was a man by the name I lvan Skavinsky Skavar.

te could imitate Irving, play poker and pool, and strum on the Spanish guitar, a fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite Team, as Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

"ne day this bold Russian he shouldered his gun,
"d with his most truculent sneer,
"s looking for fun, when he happened to run,
"no Abdul Abulbul Amir,

hat you now wish to end your career?
The infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Abdul Abulbul Amir".

So take your last look at this cool, shady nook, and send your regrets to the Czar; y which I imply you are going to die, ount Ivan Skivinsky Skavar."

hen this bold mameluke drew his trusty skibouk Sith a cry of "Allah Akbar", ad with murderous intent, he ferociously went ar Ivan Skivinsky Skavar,



ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR (CONTD)3/3

They fought all that night 'neath the pale yellow moon The din it was heard from afar,
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life, In fact as he shouted, "Huzzah,"
He felt himself struck by the wily calmuck, Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The Sultan rode up, the disturbance to quell, Expecting the victor to cheer,

But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovitch, too, in his uniform of blue, Rode up in his new crested car, He arrived just in time to exchange a last line With.Ivan Skavinsky Skavar, There's a tomb rising up where the Blue Danube rol And 'graved there in characters clear Is, "Stranger, when passing, oh, pray for the soul Of Abdul Abulbul Amir,"

A splash in the Black Sea, one drak moonless night Caused ripples to spread wide and far, It was made by a sack, fitting close to the back Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar,

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,
"Neath the light of the pale polar star,
And the name that she murmurs so soft, as she wee Is, Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

NO! NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO!

was a child of the valley, an innocent maiden was sheir Ans a desperate Desmond who owned all the town prop-

would pursue her thru hills and thru dells, ut she was wise to his game,

ach time he threatened, "You'll wed me or else" liese were the words sheld exclaim:

CHORUS

o! No! A thousand times no! I'd rather die than say yes, of Not A thousand times no! You cannot buy my caress,

(Spoken) Two! Three! Four!

aid, "Either join me in wedlock or I'll kick you out of "I But this poisonous villain, " wouldn't leave her alone; Jour home, "

niter would soon bring the snow and the cold, ic knew her people so feeble and old reded a roof o'er their head, it she defied him and said;

ic cried to him, "Though my future looks black ried the gal to the old railroad track, se milk train was rushing down hill, ad oh! Now that villain could creep! hat night he crept up to her window, nd kidnapped her while fast asleep. ou buzzard, my answer is still; c stole her out of her boudoir,

er villain sneered "Blacksmith, that maiden is mine," nearbad his darling in "Thee" nick of time ow she loved that young village blacksmith, dyelled, "This is my future wife," . heard that his love was in danger, ie liero cried, "Not on your life!" id right to the rescue flew he. unuscular "He" man was he,



NO! NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO

The mortgage was paid and the handsome young sw Their life is contented tho simple and plain, Moved in with her folks right away, And no more will she have to say; The villain was foiled once again. Her honor was left without stain, Now this is the end of our story, The hero took her to the altar,

CHORUS

SAN ANTONIO ROSE

Broken song, empty words I know still live in my h. Lips so sweet and tender, like petals falling apart, Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart, A moonlight pass that only she would know, Enchantment strange as the blue up above. Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone, Where in dreams I live with a memory, It was there I found beside the Alamo, Speak once again of my love, my own, Deep within my heart lies a melody, Still hears my broken song of love, Beneath the stars all slone. A song of old San Antone.

SMILES

For that moonlit pass by Alamo, and Rose, my Ros

There are smiles that steal away the tear drops There are smiles that have a tender meaning, And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine There are smiles that make up happy, As the sunbeams steal away the dew. There are smiles that make us blue, That the eyes of love alone can see, Are the smiles that you gave to me

ZAMBOANGA

the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga, the monkeys have no tails, were bitten off by whales, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga,

we can't go back to Subic anymore, etc.

the Carabao have no hair in Mindanao, etc. they run around quite bare,

The fishes wear no skirts in Iloilo, etc. they all have undershirts.

we'll all go up to China in the Springtime, etc. we'll hop aboard a liner, I can think of nothing finer.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE re shade of the old apple tree, re the love in your eyes I could see, the song that I heard, was the song of the bird, ned to whisper sweet music to me, all hear the dull buzz of the bee, re flowers that you sent to me, a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you, re shade of the old apple tree.

RITRRIES

forever blowing bubbles,

try bubbles in the air,

y fly so high, nearly reach the sky,

in like my dreams, they fade and die,

time's always hiding, I've looked everywhere;

y bubbles in the air,





CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There's where the cotton and the corn and 'taters gray There's where the birds warble sweet in the Springti There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to g There's where I labored so hard for old Massa, Day after day in the field of yellow corn,

No place on earth do I love so sincerely,

Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

CHORUS

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There's where the cotton and the corn and 'taters gri

There's where the birds warbel sweet in the Springti

There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to g

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There let me live till I wither and decay,

Long by the old dismal swamp have I wandered,

There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.

Massa and Missis have long gone before me,

Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,

There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,

There's where we'll meet and never part no more.

DEAR QLD PAL OF MINE

Oh', how I want you, dear old pal of mine,
Each night and day I pray you're always mine.
Sweetheart, may God bless you,
Angle hands caress you,
While sweet dreams rest you,
Dear old pal of mine,

HONEY! HONEY

Honey, Honey, bless your heart,
My honey that I love so well;
For I've been true, Sweetheart, to you;
To my honey that I love so well,

JOHN BROWN'S PODY

meren tilliger fittig af allfillense

hn Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, in Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, in Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, a soul goes marching on!

ory, Glory, Hal-le-lu-jahory, Glory, Hal-le-lu-jah! ory, Glory, Hal-le-lu-jah! s soul goes marching on!

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

ow me the way to go home,

itired an' I want to go to bed;

it little drink 'bout 'n hour ago

it's gone right to my head,

ireever I may roam,

land or sea or foam,

it can always hear me singing this song

w me the way to go home.

YALE BULL-DOG

11-Dog, Bull-Dog, Bow-Wow-Wow, Eli Yale.
11-Dog, Bull-Dog, Bow-Wow-Wow,
r team can never fail.
cn the sons of Eli break thro' the line,
at is the sign we hail;
11-Dog, Bull-Dog, Bow-Wow-Wow, Eli Yale.

I WANT A GIRL

int a girl, just like the girl
it married dear old dad;
was a pearl, and the only girl
t daddy ever had.
ood old fashioned girl, with heart so true,
who loves nobody else but you.
int a girl just like the girl
it married dear old dad.



RAMBLING WRECK FROM GEORGIA TECH

Oh, if I had a daughter, sir, I'd dress her in white; And take her on the campus, sir, to cheer the brave But if I had a son, sir, I'll tell you what he'd do, He would yell "To hell with Georgia" like his daddy

I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, and a helengineer,

CHORUS

A hell of a, hell of a, hell of a, hell of an Like all good jolly fellows, I drink my whiskey clea:
I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, and a hel engineer.

I wish I had a barrel of rum, and of sugar three thou pounds,

A college bell to put it in, and a clapper to stir it 'r I'd drink to every fellow who comes from far and ne I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, and a hel engineer,

CHORUS

CAYUGA'S WATERS

Far above Cayuga's waters, with its waves of blue, Stands our noble Alma Mater Glorious to view,

HORUS

Left the chorus, speed it onward Loud her praises tell, Hail to thee, our Alma Mater, Hail, all hail, Cornell!

Far above the busy humming, Of the bustling town, Reared against the arch of heaven, Looks she proudly down.

HORUS

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

I wore a big red rose;

at a blessing no one knows.

ninade life cheery when you called me "Dearie" was down where the blue grass grows,

ar lips were sweeter than julep

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

and her neck she wore a yellow ribbon wore it from October until the month of May; when they asked her why the hell she wore it said she wore it for her lover who was far, far away. CHORUS

r away! Far away!

, she wore it for her lover who was far, far away, r Away! Far away!

ound the block she pushed a baby carriage pushed it all that summer and then again 'till May; I when they asked her why the hell she pushed it, said she pushed it for her lover who was far, far away.

LONG, LONG TRAIL

o the land of my dreams, or the land of my dreams, ere the nightingales are singing, d a white moon bearns, ere's a long, long night of waiting, till my dreams all come true, I the day when I'll be going down at long, long trail with you.



It's a long way to Tipperary,

It's a long way to Epperary,

It's a long way to Tipperary,

Io the sweetest girl I know.

Good-bye Picadilly, farewell Leister Square,

It's a long, long way to Tipperary,

But my heart's right there.

JEANNINE

Jeannine, I dream of lilac time,

Your eyes, they beam in lilac time,

Your winning smile, and cheeks blushing like the rose

Yet all the while, you sigh when nobody knows.

Jeannine, my queen of lilac time,

When I return, I'll make you mine,

For you and I, our love-dream can never die,

Jeannine, I dream of lilac time.

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELD

Some folks say that a niggah won't steal
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfiel
But I caught two in my cornfield
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfiel
One had a shovel and the other had a hoe,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfiel
Well, if dat ain't stealin', I don't know
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfiel

IN THE EVENING

In the evening by the moonlight,

You can hear those darkies singing.
In the evening by the moonlight,

You can hear those bands ringing.

How the old folks would enjoy it,

They would sit all night and listen,

As we sang, in the evening by the moonlight.

, sin

WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM

When I grow too old to dream I'll have you to remembe When I grow too old to dream, Your love will live in m So kiss me, my sweet and so let us part And when I grow too old to dream, that kiss will live in "

MISSOURI WALTZ

cst yo' haid upon my breast while mammy hums a tune. Inc sandman is callin' where shadows are fallin', and down in Missouri, where I heard this inclody, and was a pickaninny on my mammy's knee includes were hummin', their banjos were strummin' sweet and low.

SWEET ADELINE

yeet Adeline; Sweet Adeline! My Adeline! or you, dear heart, for you, dear heart, for you, dear heart, one! pine, alone I pine.

All my dreams, in all my dreams, our fair face beams, our fair face beams, wour fair face heams, unre the idol of my heart, sweet Adeline.

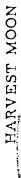
MANDY LEE

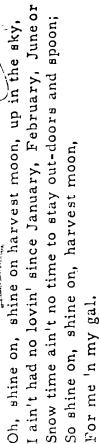
andy Lee, I love you, deed I do, my Mandy Lee, our eyes shine like diamonds, love to merens as tho my heart would break ithout you, Mandy Lee; anse I love you, 'deed I do, My Mandy Lee.

I LOVE YOU TRULY

eve you truly, truly dear, a with its tears this into dreams when I feel you are near, everyou truly, truly, dear.

in, love this something to feel your kind hand, in, love this something by your side to stand; and is the sorrow, kind doubt and fear love you truly, truly, dear.





BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOO

By the light of the silvery moon, I want to spoon, To my honey I'll croon love's tune; Honeymoon, keep a-shining in June; Your silvery beams will bring love dreams, We'll be cuddling up soon, by the silvery moon.

OLD GRAY BONNET

Put on your old gray bonnet, with the blue ribbons on i While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,
Thro' the fields of clover, we will ride to Dover,
On our Golden Wedding Day.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me fond adieu When the clouds roll by, I'll come to you, Then the skies will seem more blue; Down in lover's lane, my dearie. Wedding bells will ring so merrily, Every tear will be a memory; So wait and pray each night for me, "Till we meet again.

ROSE MARIE

Oh, Rose Marie, I love you, I'm always dreaming of y. No matter what I do I can't forget you, Sometimes I wish that I had never met you, And yet if I should lose you, 'Twould mean my very life to me; Of all the Queens that ever lived I'd choose you To rule, my Rose Marie.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY 'ith someone like you, a pal so good and true, de like to leave it all behind and go and find, one place that's known to Gad alone, ast a spot to call our own; there beneath the kindly skies.

"I there beneath the kindly skies, a sweet little nest,

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG note in the dear, dead days beyond recall then on the world the mists began to fall, at of the dreams that rose in happy throng, by to our hearts love sang an old sweet song, ad in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam, ofthy it wove itself into our dream,

nd let the rest of the world go by.

it there in the West

ust a song at twilight, when the lights are low and the flickering shadows softly come and go. Lo' the heart be weary, sad the day and long, till to us at twilight comes love's old song, other love's old sweet song.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART of me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you. Let me hear you whisper that you love me true. Leep the love light glowing in your eyes so blue, let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

ty wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows; on may search everywhere, but non can compare tith my Wild Irish Rose.

Ly Wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows; and some day for my sake, she may let nie take the bloom from my Wild Irish Rose.



GYPSY LOVE SONG

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweethear,
Dream of the field and the grove,
Can't you hear me, hear me in the dreamland,
Where your fancies rove?
Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Wild little woodland dove!

I'VE GOT RINGS ON MY FINGERS

Can you hear the song that tells you

All my hearts true love?

Oh, I've got rings on my fingers,
And bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon, my little Irish Rose
So come to your Nabob on next St Patrick's Day,
By mistress Mumbo Jumgo, Jijjy Bo J O'Shea,

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?...
For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup O' kindness yet
For the days of auld lang syne!

YOU ROLL A SILVER DOLLAR

You roll a silver dollar down on the gound,

And it rolls because it's round,

N woman never knows what a good man's she's gotten
till she turns him down.

Now listen, children, listen to me For I want you to understand
As a dollar goes from hand to hand,
So a woman goes from man to man.

Manual bear if the Brist

HOME SWEET HOME

id pleasures and palaces, though we may roam it ever so humble there's no place like home; charm from the skies seems to hallow us there; and, seek through the world, is ne'er met elsewhere.

CHORUS

ome, home, sweet, sweet, home, here's no place like home, i, there's no place like home.

daze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, and feel that my mother now thinks of her child, such looks on that moon from our cottage door into' the woodbine whose frangrance all cheer me no more.

CHORUS

MEMORIES

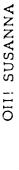
emories, memories, dreams of love so true, 'er the sea of memory, I'm drifting back to you. hildhood days, among the birds and bees, ou left me alone, but still you're my own, my beautiful memories.

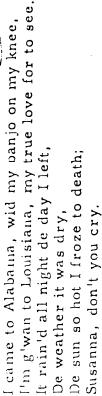
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

rink to me only with thine eyes,
nd I will pledge with mine;
r leave a kiss within the cup,
nd I will not ask for wine;
he thirst that from the soul does rise,
oth ask a drink divine,
ut might I of Love's Nectar sip,
would not change for thine.

DEEP IN MY HEART

eep in my heart, dear, I have a dream of you; ashioned of starlight, perfume and roses and dew, or paths may sever, but I'll remember you ever, ep in my heart, dear, always I'll dream of you.





Oh! Susanna, Oh! don't you cry for me, I've come from Alabama, wid My banjo on my knee.

KISS ME AGAIN

Sweet summer breeze, whispering trees, Stars shining softly above;
Roses in bloom, wafted perfume, "Sleepy birds dreaming of love.
Safe in your arms, far from alarms, Daylight will come, but in vain.
Tenderly pressed close to your breast, Kiss me, kiss me again!

MY GAL SAL

They called her frivolous Sal,
A peculiar sort of a gal;
An all round good fellow, a heart that was mellow

Your troubles and sorrows and cares
She was always willing to share,
A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level,
Was my gal Sal.

ALICE BLUE GOWN

In my sweet little Alice Blue Gown,
When I first wandered down into town,
I was both proud and shy, as I felt every eye,
But in every shop window I'd primp passing by;
Then in manner of fashion I'd frown,
And the world seemed to smile all around,
"Till it wilted I wore it, I'll always adore it,
My sweet Little Alice Blue Gown.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

a body meet a body, comin' thro' the rye, a body kiss a body, need a body cry.

CHORUS

ry lassie has a laddie, nane they say ha'e I;
all the lads, they smile at me
en comin' thro' the rye,

ong the train there is a swain sarly lo'e mysel', but whaur his name, what his name, I dinna care to tell, a body, meet a body, comin' rae the town, a body, meet a body, need a body frown?

EL RANCHO GRANDE

I love to roam out yonder,
Out where the buff'lo wander,
Free as the eagle flying,
I'm roping and a-tying,
I'm roping and a-tying,

re me my ranch and my cattle, refrom the great city's rattle; re me a big herd to battle,

SOUSE FAMILY

ank last night and drunk the night before and drunk to mover get drunk no more, it when we're drunk we're as happy as can be a we are members of the Souse Family.

All Glorious! Glorious!

Rey of beer for the four of us, it ye God that there are no more of us, one of us could drink it all alone!



HAND ME DOWN MY BOTTLE OF CORN

Pland me down my bottle of corn,
Hand me down my bottle of corn, corn,
Hand me down my bottle of corn,
I'm gonna get drunk just as sure as you're born,
'Cause all my people think I'm away,

Hand me down my bottle of rye,

Ifand me down my bottle of rye, rye, Ifand me down my bottle rye

I can take one more and still get by

And all my people think I'm away.

Hand me down my bottle of Scotch,

Hand me down my bottle of Scotch, Scotch,

Hand me down my bottle of Scotch

I can take another, for there's no one to watch,

''Cause all my people think I'm away,

Hand me down my bottle of Gin,
Hand me down my bottle of Gin, Gin,
Hand me down my bottle of Gin
I can take one more, for it ain't no sin,
And all my people think I'm away.

Hand me down a glass of water.

Hand me down a glass of water, water,

Hand me down a glass of water,

I'll try to drink it, but I hadn't oughter,

And all my people think I'm away.

KATY

K---K---Katy, beautiful Katy
You're the only G---G---G---Girl that I adore
When the M---Moon shines
On the C---Cow shed
I'll be waiting by the K---K---Kitchen door,

HOME ON THE RANGE

the kive me a home where the buffalo roam, there the deer and the antelope play; there seldom is heard a discouraging word, the skies are not cloudy all day.



ome, home on the range, where the deer and the antelope olay;

here seldom is heard a discouraging word, id the skies are not cloudy all day.

ow often at night where the heavens are bright, ith the lights from the glittering stars; ve I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed, their glory exceeds that of ours.

ows leisurely down the stream;
here the graceful white swan goes gliding along.
ke a maid in a heavenly dream,

here the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free, he breezes so balmy and light, hat I would not exchange my home on the range, or all the cities so bright.

CHORUS

RAG-TIME COWBOY JOE

in, hear him sing raggy music to the cattle is he swings back and forward in his saddle in a horse that is syncopated, gaited, and there's such a funny meter, on the roar of his repeater ow they run when they see that fellow's gun os the western folks all know e's a high-fallutin', shootin's cootin's on-of-a-gun from Arizona,



HEIDLEBERG

Better than riches and earthly wealth, Are the friends we have in college, Brimming with happiness, hope, and health, And fill'd with a love divine.

But better by knowledge we gain by stealth, Is a heart that's always jolly, So come let us clink and then let us drink, A toast with a brimming stein.

Here's to the land that gave us birth, Here's to the flag she flies, Here's to her sons, the best on earth, Here's to her bright blue skies, Here's to the girl who waits for me, True as the skies above, Here's to the day, when mine she'll be, Here's to the girl I love.

Oh, Heidelberg, dear Heidelberg, Thy sons we'll never forget, The golden haze of school room days, Is round about us yet. Those days of yore will come no more But in the future years,
The tho't of you so good, so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears,

AND WHEN I DIE

And when I die, don't bury me at all, Just pickle my bones in alcohol. Put a bottle of Looze at my head and feet. And then I'll know my bones will keep.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

Little brown hut we call our own, loves Gin and I love Rum, you what don't we have fun.

Hal You and me.

le Brown Jug, how I love the! Hat Hat You and me,

To Brown Jug, how I love the!

had a cow that gave such mill, dress her in the finest silk, d her on the choicest hay, milk her twenty times a day, you who makes my friends and foes you who makes me wear old clothes e we are so near my nose

CHORUS

If the folks in Adam's race re put together in one place in I'd prepare to shed a tear ore I'd part with you, my dear.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI of my dreams is the sweetest girl if all the girls I know; sweet co-ed, like a rainbow trail, thus in the after glow.

Thus of her eyes and the gold of her hair, the moonlight beams on the girl of my dreams, he's the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi!



MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer the darkies are gay;
The corntops ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knockin' at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night,

Weep on more, my lady, oh, weep no more today; We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home far away.

HELLO! MY BABY

Hello, my baby, hello, my honey,
Hello, my rag-time gal
Send me a kiss by wire,
Baby my heart's on fire!
If you refuse me, honey, you'll lose me,
Then you'll be left alone, oh baby,
Telephone and tell me I'm your own.
Hello! Hello! Hello! There
Hello, my baby, hello, my honey,
Hello, my rag-time gal
Send me a kiss by wire,
Baby my heart's on fire!
If you refuse me, honey, you'll lose me
Then you'll be left alone, oh baby,

CECLLIA

Does your mother know you're out, Cecilia?

Does she know that I'm about to steal you?

Oh, my, when I look in your eyes.

Something tells me you and I should get together.

How's about a little kiss, Cecilia?

Just a kiss you'll never miss, Cecilia?

Why do we two keep on wasting time?

Oh, Cecilia say that you'll be mine.

ALL I DO IS DREAM OF YOU

th the dawn, I still go on and dream of you. I do is dream of you the whole night thru. i're ev'ry thought, you're ev'rything, "re ev'ry song I ever sing

! were there more than twenty-four hours a day ey'd be spent in sweet content dreaming away. orner, winter, autumn and spring.

en skies are grey, when skies are blue

ming, noon and night time too

do the whole day thru, is dream-of-your.

THE GANG THAT SANG "HEART OF MY HEART"

eart of my heart, "I love that melody,

ion we were kids on the corner of the street, cart of my heart" brings back a memory,

e were rough and ready guys,

et oh! How we could harmonize,

leart of my heart" meant friends were dearer then, o bad we had to part.

now a tear would glisten if once more I could listen o that gang that sang "Heart of my heart,"

BACK IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD

ie bird with feathers of blue

Eaiting for you,

ack in your own backyard.

and see your castle in Spain,

gough your window pane,

ack in your own backyard. en, you can go to the East,

o to the West,

ut someday you'll come weary at heart ack where you started from.

outh find your happiness lies

net in your own backyard. nell under your eyes

REPEAT





I wooed her in the summertime, and in the winter too, Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew: And the only, only thing I ever did wrong And the only, only thing I ever did wrong Now, I am a bach'lor and live alone, Was to woo a pretty, pretty maid. And I work at the weavers trade,

One night she came to my bedside, When I was fast asleep. She threw her arms around my neck

And then began to weep.

She wept, she cried, she damned near died, My gawd, what could I do?

"And I'll shield you from the foggy, foggy dew." "Come hop into bed, little maid, "I said,

Now, I am a bach'lor and live with my son,

And every, every time I look into his eyes, And we work at the weavers trade.

He reminds me of the pretty, pretty maid; He reminds me of the summer-time,

And of the winter too,

And the many, many times that I held her in my arr Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew,

SOLOMON LEVI

That's where you'll buy your coats and vests and ever My name is Solomon Levi, at my store on Chatham St that's neat;

For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and 1 I've second-handed ulsterettes, and ev'rything that's

O Solomon Levi, Levi, Tra La La La,

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store on Chatham S' That's where you'll buy your coats and vests and even Poor Sheeny Levi, Tra La La La La La La La La La else that's neat;

Second-handed ulsterettes and evirything else that's f

I'M AN OLD COWHAND

an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,

iny legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned

convicy who never saw a cow,

or roped a steer 'cause I don't know how,

sho' ain't fixin' to start in now.

an old cowhand from the Rio Grande, a ridin' fool who is up to date, a ridin' fool who is up to date, and every trail in the Lone Star State, use I ride the range in a Ford V Eight.

I came to town just to hear the band, now all the songs that the cowboys know, at the big corral where the dogies go, ause I learned them all on the radio.

n an old cowhand from the Rio Grande, ere the west is wild round the border land, ere the buffalo roam around the zoo, it the Indians make you a rug or two, at the old Bar X is a Bar-B-Q.

GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP, and morning, Mr Zip-Zip-Zip, and morning, Mr Zip-Zip-Zip, and morning, Mr Zip-Zip-Zip, and shes, and dust to dust, the Camels don't get you, the fatimas must, out morning, Mr Zip=Zip-Zip, and morning, Mr Zip=Zip-Zip-Zip, and morning, mor



RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they tell me you're leaving, I shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile, For you take with you all of the sunshine That has lightened my life for a while. Won't you think of the valley you're leaving, Of your parents so kind and so true? Won't you think of the hearts you are breaking, And the cowboy who's loved you so true? CHORUS

Oh, come sit by my side if you love me, Do not hasten to bid me adieu, And remember the Red River Valley And the cowboy who's loved you so true. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD
I've been working on the railroad,
All the live long day,
I've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the shistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the captain calling,

Dinah, won't you go, Dinah won't you go, Down on the banks of the Ohio; Dinah, won't you go, Dinah, won't you go, Down on the Ohio,

GOOD-NIGHT LADIES
Good-Night, Ladies!
Good-Night, Ladies!
Good-Night, Ladies!
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

SOUTH'OF THE BORDER

's where I fell in love when stars above h of the border, down Mexico way, e out to play.

(or a tender while I kissed the smile upon her face, now as I wander my thoughts ever stray it was "Fiesta" and we were so gay, a of the border, down Mexico way. was a picture in old spanish lace,

n she sighed as she whispered "Manana, h of the border, down Mexico way. er dreaming that we, were parting.

I lied as I whispered "Manana,"

in of the border, I rode back one day, re in a veil of white by candlelight our tomorrow never came.

Ay! Ay! Ay! - Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! - Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! mission bells told me that I mustn't stay, th of the border down Mexico way. knelt to pray.

DIXIE LAND

ok away, look away look away, Dixie Land. ish I was in the land of cotton, times dar am not forgotten

ok away, look away, look away, Dixie Land. Dixie Land whar I was born in, rly on one frosty mornin'

Dixie Land I'll take my stan' an lib and die in Dixie; n I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray! ay, away away down south in Dixie. if, away, away down south in Dixie,



It's a draught of nut-brown ale I offer unto thee. And it's will you quaff with me, my lads? All humming in the tankard, lad, And it's will you quaff with me? Oh, here's a friend to everyone 'Tis stout John Barley Corn. It cheers the heart forlorn,

Thru' all my days I'll sing the praise So, laugh, lads, and quaff lads, 'Twill make you stout and hale So, ----(Repeat Chorus)----Of brown October ale!

DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with a drunken sailor? What shall we do with a drunken sailor? What shall we do with a drunken sailor? Early in the morning?

CHORUS

Ay, Ay, up she rises, Ay, Ay, up she rises, Ay, Ay, up she rises, early in the morning! Put him in a leaky boat and make him bail her, Put him in a leaky boat and make him bail her, Put him in a leaky boat and make him bail her, Early in the morning. CHORUS

CHORUS Keep him there 'till he gets sober, etc. Hoist him up a running bow line, etc. CHORUS Send Holy Joe to spin a yarn to him, etc.

That's what to do with a drunken sailor, etc.

(58)

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE

Down in the lazy west rides the moon.

Warm as the night in June.

Stars shimmering soft in a bed of blue,

While I am calling and calling you.

Sweetly you are dreaming, as the dawn

Comes slowly streaming,

Waken, love, in your bower, greet our trysting hour.

CHORUS

Dear One, the world is waiting for the sunrise, Every rose is covered with dew; The thrush on high his sleepy mate is calling And my heart is calling you.

PADDLIN' MADELIN' HOME

'Cause when I'm paddlin' Madelin' home,
Gee! When I'm paddlin' Madelin' home,
First I drift with the tide
Then pull for the shore
I hug her and kiss her
And paddle some more.
Then I keep paddlin' Madelin' home
Until I find a spot where we're alone.
Oh! She never says "No" so I kiss her and go,
Paddlin' Madelin', sweet, sweet Madelin',
Paddlin' Madelin' home!

(Repeat)

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

I'll see you in my dreams
Hole you in my dreams,
Someone took you out of my arms,
Still I feel the thrill of your charms.
Lips that once were mine,
Tender eyes that shine,
They will light my way tonight,
I'll see you in my dreams.

UNDER THE BAMBOO TREE

If you lak-a me, lak I lak-a you, And we lak-a both the same I lak-a say, this very day, I lak-a change your name-'Cause I love-a you and love-a you true and if you-a love-a me
One live as two, two live as one Under the bamboo tree.

(Repeat)

58

2902 ARMY-FT. SILL, OKLA.